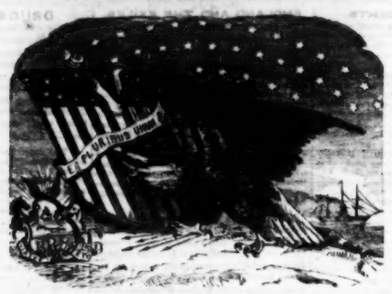
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



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VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1747.

Original Poetry.

ROSALIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ALICE CARY

You might not have thought her an angel to see,
But she loved me, and so she was perfect to me;
For each night ere I knelt down to say my last prayer,
She'd kneel at her side, and as it was sure to be there,

Her own little heart would be lifted with mine
In the sweet evening hour, when the day-light declines,
And the star of the evening, so holy and fair,
Looked in on us kneeling together in prayer.

Her years were as many I scarcely dare say
Your number, since Rosie and I were at play
Beneath the old apple tree, knotty and low,
Where grew by the homestead a long time ago.

We housekeeped: I build it again and again,
The blue morning-glories shoot it I trow;
I see the long-travelled road, dusty and wide,
With elm and black iron-wood growing each side

The garden, I see, with its sweet-smelling bean,
The palings with hollyhocks over the spot,
The sunflowers, with fire-weed, that look by the score,
And the children, but Rosie is not with the rest.

I say I'm the harvest, and I for awhile
Am kept by the gleaning away from her smile.
Or else for the raining of peach-blossoms bright
On the slope of the orchard hill keeps her from sight.

Or was the poor cheating of fancy might be
Because—but I will not say what it may be now,
I turned her, and see through all pictures, her bud,
With a stone at the foot and a stone at the head.

New York, June, 1854.

Original Novelet.

SIX WEEKS OF COURTSHIP.

BY EMILIE F. CARLEN,
AUTHOR OF "ONE YEAR OF WEDLOCK," "THE BRIDE OF ORKNEY," ETC., ETC.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH,
FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELBERT PERCE.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

CONFIDENTIAL DISCLOSURES.

Three days had elapsed since Victor had played the part of a postboy, and he had not received his expected reward.

This delay was rendered still more unpleasant by the vexations by Edwin, who well remembered Victor's former arrogance, and continually inquired, with malicious satisfaction—

"Have you visited the widow yet? or do you prefer to remain at home and wait patiently until she again requires your services as her postilion of love?"

"Trouble me no longer with your silly questions. Leave me at peace!" said Victor, fretfully, for his stock of patience was entirely exhausted.

At length the morning of the fourth day arrived.

"And will you like to have some news?" inquired Edwin, as he entered his brother's apartment.

"Of what description?"

"News that I have collected while you have remained here in idle inactivity, fearing that you might take a message from your inamorata, mistress, if you should leave the house?"

Victor feigned not to hear his brother's words.

"Very well!" continued Edwin. "I will proceed no further with my good intentions, if they trouble you. I should say, perhaps, that I am not sufficiently magnanimous to impart my news to a rival."

"As you please, my dear Edwin; but I see in your eyes that you are as anxious to tell me as I am to hear. Therefore, proceed with your brother ceremony."

"Ah!"

"We must not allow the little Satan to destroy the good understanding between us. Cannot we at least *speak* of her? It would serve to pass the time a little more pleasantly."

"Certainly."

"Well, what news have you?"

"That is my secret."

"Which is more transparent than mine. You have been silly enough to confide in my forsaken niece, Mademoiselle Sophia."

"Perhaps—by my honor, as a confidante she will be of much use in our little comedy."

"Ah! have you debased yourself so far—"

"As many greater men than I have done before me. Well remember that my illustrious brother once said, that ever since the days of chivalry, it has been customary to commence affairs of love with the maid instead of the mistress."

"I was not serious then; but at all events proceed with your information."

"Well, listen: Ever since our enchantress received the mysterious letter you brought from the city, she has been filled with a joy which she has vainly endeavored to conceal from Sophia's observation. Now, I well know that the letter was important. But her actions are contradictory! Several times, and especially last night, when she returned home from her ride on the lake, she was more agitated and uneasy than Sophia had ever seen her before."

"But you forget her grief," said Victor.

"From Sophia's words, I concluded that she had not display the calmness and resignation of true affliction. On the contrary, she exhibited almost violent uneasiness and anxiety."

"Perhaps something unpleasant occurred during her excursion."

"That is quite unlikely; and more, the boy who accompanied her, assured Sophia that nothing of importance happened during their sail. Even if that should be the case, a little fright while in the boat could not affect her so seriously that she would walk her room the whole night."

"Ah! Mademoiselle Sophia has watched her, then?"

"Certainly."

"And what has she discovered?" inquired Victor, eagerly.

"She heard her mistress weeping bitterly, and saw her wringing her hands while she muttered, almost incoherently—

"'My God! This is all wrong! I will never, I *shall* never consent to it—'

"Edwin," said Victor, while a flush of indignation reddened his brow, "I think you have acted very wrong. God prevent me from ever endeavoring to gain information in that manner!"

"With a gesture, Edwin commanded his brother to cease, and clasping his hands behind his back, he paced the room thoughtfully.

"You are right, Victor. I confess frankly that I am of your opinion, and I wish that, from the beginning, the whole stupid affair had never been commenced; but—"

"But?" said Victor, inquiringly.

"But self-esteem is now called into the question, and that in a very delicate mistress to trifle with."

"Above all things, brother, our honor should be considered, and honor is a more delicate mistress than self-esteem."

"Do you consider the matter so strictly, then?"

"My conscience sometimes accuses me for having mingled in the affair at all. Why should we, a couple of young fellows who because smitten with a beautiful woman against her will, endeavor to force ourselves into her house without her consent?"

"Particularly," added Edwin, "when I must confess that I am not so deeply in love with her. I told her so in my letter."

"What?" exclaimed Victor, "did you tell her that?"

"Yes. I did not know how I could express my deep and disinterested sympathy for her in a better manner."

"Blockhead!" exclaimed Victor; "such a display might be allowable in me, but in you—oh, that is unpardonable!"

"Rather say it was policy. I did not perform my part stupidly, I assure you; but she is unlike any woman I have yet seen, nothing can kindle either her love or indignation."

"You received a decided refusal to your suit, however, did you not?"

"Right. But that would not cause my ardor to diminish. Obstacles only increase a man's determination to conquer them."

"In the meantime," said Victor, "let us promise each other not to watch her movements, and especially not to set others on the watch. That would be contemptible."

"But hark, there is some one coming."

A servant entered the room, and presented a letter to Edwin.

"What is that?" inquired Victor, as soon as the servant had departed.

"It is a letter from Sophia—I left her only two hours ago—I wonder what she has to say now?"

"Open the letter, quick!" said Victor.

"What," replied the Rector, "have you so soon forgotten the dictates of consistence and honor? That would be contemptible. Let us be two heroes, and burn the letter."

"But at all events—"

"But at all events honor should be respected. I will procure a match."

"The temptation is so strong," muttered Victor, half dissontentedly, half vanquished.

"The stronger the temptation, the greater is the honor in conquering it."

Victor did not reply.

"Now let us come to a resolution," continued Edwin, "shall we burn the letter, and give up the widow and our contract, and start to-morrow morning for a watering place?"

"Could you do that?"

"I can do anything that I am determined to do."

"But we promised to spend a month longer with our mother."

"We can persuade her to accompany us. So the matter is settled. We will make an end of the whole affair."

The Rector procured a lamp, and opened a box of matches.

"Wait a moment, I really believe I am in fetters. I cannot leave her, and I fear I have not the courage to entreat you to burn the letter."

"Yes, thus it ever is. We have a superabundance of good advice and precepts for others, but when we apply them to ourselves we falter—"

"Enough. Open the letter." Victor spoke those words with a great effort, but in a tone of decision.

Immediately the seal was broken, and Edwin read as follows—

"MY DEAR RECTOR WALLENBURG:

"Out of pure friendship for you I will mention that my mistress told me she would like to see your brother, the lawyer, here this evening with his documents.—Oh,' said I to her, 'his brother, the Rector, is a man of too extensive wisdom.' 'I thank so,' she replied, 'but he is not a lawyer, he is—' But, madame, I answered quickly, 'you have always been particular in your choice of society, and allow me to remark—' 'What do you wish to say?' said she, hastily. 'That the Rector should accompany him,' I replied. 'If two should call no scandal would arise; but if one—'

"'What a cunning confederate you have!' interrupted Victor, laughing heartily. With out replying the Rector proceeded with the letter:

"'Your caution, my dear Sophia,' answered my mistress, 'is perfectly excusable, for your intentions are good; but I have certain reasons for wishing to see the lawyer alone once more.'

"'Once more!' exclaimed both brothers, in one voice.

The Rector read the concluding sentence of the letter rapidly and almost incoherently:

"'I flatter myself, Mr. Wallenberg, I have won your esteem, and it would be a joy to my heart ever to remain your friend,

"'SOPHIA ZOLANDER.'"

"By my conscience," exclaimed Victor, when his brother had finished reading the letter, "it becomes more and more interesting. There is a ray of hope for us, yes, both of us, yet."

"It is quite clear," replied Edwin, "that you now have the preference."

"Yes, perhaps as far as my legal opinion is concerned. It is quite as clear that this letter, over which we have pondered so much, refers to a matter of business only."

"Consider that as you may. I confide in the hope that you will pave the way for me, and I am certain that you will never lose an opportunity of paying me back in my own coin should my hope be realized."

"I really cannot see how you are interested; but I assure you I *will* tell you all that happens, although I must remind you that we lawyers are a species of father confessors, and must sacredly conceal the confessions—"

"Until you have judged them, yes—do not enter upon a crooked path with me now, but deal honorably."

"By my honor I, —— perhaps after all, it is a mere misunderstanding, or better, a mischievous prank of Mademoiselle Sophia."

It was, however, neither the one or the other.

An hour after the above conversation, one of Madame Bendelvik's servants brought a verbal invitation, requesting the lawyer to honor Tistelvik with his presence that evening if agreeable to his inclinations.

The Rector began to grumble; but Victor's countenance was radiant with joy, and as usual when in fortune, he assumed an air of arrogant superiority and pride which provoked his rival almost beyond endurance.

In the meantime they both awaited the approach of evening with equal impatience.

CHAPTER XII.

ARRANGEMENT.

"It is warm to-day, Sophia. Assist me in taking off this black dress, it is unsuitable for this weather, and then bring me my silver gray gown embroidered with white flowers.

Sophia brought the elegant garment, and although her astonishment was great at the singular command of her mistress, she nevertheless concealed it beneath a countenance of the utmost gravity.

Sophia was too shrewd to allow her mistress to observe her surprise, which was increased as she noticed with what singular care Madame Bendelvik continued and completed her toilet.

Once only did Sophia nearly betray herself; she could scarcely suppress an exclamation when her mistress placed her blank widow's cap over her golden hair, and after surveying herself in the mirror for a moment, hastily removed it and laid it upon the toilet-table.

"I wonder," thought Sophia, "what is coming now?"

"Listen to me, Sophia," said her mistress, with a painful effort, "in one of my drawers you will find a lilac-colored head-dress."

"Oh, yes, the one with three points. Your milliner told me that it was extremely becoming to your complexion."

"I care nothing for that. It is the one I desire, therefore bring it to me."

"Well," thought Sophia, "who could ever have foretold this? She is surely in love with the lawyer; but if it is in my power I will check-mate the stupid stripling, who is so blind that he cannot see there are other women in the world besides Madame Bendelvik."

It is generally the case that a firm determination can accomplish anything, and it was not the want of that sentiment which would prevent Sophia from crushing the unfortunate individual whose overthrow she had resolved to accomplish.

Faithful to the part he had intended to play, Victor entered the room with a proper air of a man, who, although he might once have been in love, was now determined to be influenced by no other sentiments than those of duty and friendship. To produce a stronger effect he had extracted from his mother's jewel case, an old ring, which he placed conspicuously upon his third finger, and frequently rubbed it with his pocket-handkerchief, not to polish it, for although old, it was still bright, but to call the attention of his young hostess to the fact that he wore upon his finger a pledge of his fidelity to another.

Matilda had never appeared so beautiful to him.

A cloud of sorrow certainly rested upon her brow and overshadowed her mournful eyes; but in the expression of her countenance reposed something which seemed more akin to earth than he had ever before observed there.

When she lifted her silken eye-lashes, an electric spark flashed from her brilliant eyes, and quickly kindled into a flame the combustible matter with which the susceptible heart of her visitor was filled.

But he controlled his passion, and bowed to her with all the dignity and politeness due to an entire stranger.

Matilda received him differently.

"Mr. Wallenberg," she gracefully presented him her hand, "I must first of all thank you for the politeness with which—with which—" with a blush she paused, and her countenance displayed the deepest embarrassment.

"I am sufficiently recompensed, madame, by the knowledge that I have been of service to you."

"The letter was of the utmost importance to me."

"So I thought, and I suppose the contents of the letter are connected with my business here this morning?"

"What, sir, could you believe—could you suspect—?" a blush of indignation flushed Matilda's countenance, and that blush heightened her beauty to such an extent, that it was with difficulty the enamored Victor could maintain his position as an indifferent beholder.

"I simply supposed that you had business with me in my legal capacity; that the letter you received, contained something which required the advice of a lawyer."

Matilda's lips wore a smile of peculiar meaning. Suddenly her countenance assumed a thoughtful expression, as if his words had suggested a new train of ideas.

"The dunce," thought our lover, "perhaps the information contained in the letter of Edwin's correspondent, cannot be depended upon, and I, blockhead that I am, have trifled away my own good fortune."

"Mr. Wallenberg, please seat yourself beside me on the sofa, and we will speak more at our ease."

"With pleasure," replied Victor, seating himself in the place designated. He rubbed his ring in despair. The silence became oppressive.

"It is true," said Matilda, as if she had not noticed the unpleasant cessation in the conversation, "it is true that I have a question to ask you, and it is of the utmost importance to me to receive a truthful answer."

"Command me, madame."

"But I am not certain that I have the requisite courage."

"Courage! Do you intend to put this question to the lawyer, or to the man?"

"To both, sir."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, then, think only of the lawyer, and you will have the courage to ask any question. Cannot we talk to the physician about anything that concerns the body; to the parson about anything that concerns the soul; and why should you hesitate to speak to a lawyer on business affairs?"

"But those business affairs might be united with matters pertaining to the secrets of the heart."

"True; but it is a lawyer's duty to investigate matters of that description when called upon. Domestic difficulties have frequently been the cause of long trials in our courts of justice."

"Yet," added Matilda, with downcast eyes, "clients cannot always find the proper words to open their suit to their lawyer," and in her turn she commenced nibbling her wedding ring.

"But is it necessary to use so much ceremony with me?" inquired Victor impatiently.

"Your present demeanor is so entirely unlike your conduct when you first honored me with a visit, that it makes me quite uneasy, if not timid."

"By heaven!" thought Victor, "I really believe she wishes to encourage me. What a grand idea it was to wear this ring. I must be careful to retain my advantage."

"During my first visit, madame," we cannot describe Victor's dignity and firmness of manner, "I behaved like a simpleton, and it is fortunate that I remembered my folly."

Matilda was astonished at the confession.

"Why do you say fortunate, Mr. Wallenberg?" she inquired.

"Because the remembrance of those follies, also reminds me of their severe punishment, and prevents me from indulging in those extravagant expressions of a passion which I cannot but consider fruitless and vain, and which will be more severely punished—"

"By your conscience?" interrupted Matilda, innocently.

"Madame," Victor gazed into Matilda's eyes with an expression of open frankness.

"Have you lately received letters from your betrothed?" inquired she with a faint smile.

"You are kind indeed, to express a sympathy in my affairs; but I entreat you do not diverge from the principal object of our interview."

"I am very sorry for having troubled you for nothing; but the more I think of the matter, the more impossible do I find it to speak to you concerning it to-day."

"Will you then allow me, madame, to visit you occasionally?"

"How could I refuse you? I would never have cast aside the pleasure of the society of such an intelligent and refined man, if you had behaved thus when I first became acquainted with you."

"And, madame, be assured that if I appear to you in a new light, you are in my eyes, entirely different from what you were when I first beheld you."

"There are moments," said Matilda, "when life yields more friendship and sympathy than at other periods; but now I dare no longer deprive you of your valuable time, or trespass further on your patience."

She arose.

"Will you allow me to call to-morrow morning?" inquired Victor.

"Not to-morrow; but the day after."

"In the morning or in the afternoon?"

"In the forenoon. My afternoon I devote exclusively to myself."

With a dignity and seriousness strangely contrasted with the radiant joy which illumined his countenance, Victor bowed deeply, and took his departure. When she was alone, Matilda cast herself upon the sofa, and resting her head upon her hand, gave way to the deepest thoughtfulness.

It almost appeared that she had entirely forgotten the little drama which she had just enacted, and her fellow actor also; but it was not so, for after a few moments of profound meditation, she whispered softly:

"What else can I do—young and unprotected as I am? I must tell him all."

Half an hour afterwards she rang her bell for Sophia, who quickly answered the summons.

"Is the boy ready with the boat?"

"Yes, madame."

"Well, then bring me my bonnet."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MYSTERIOUS ECHO.

After Victor had left Tistelvik, he experienced a strong desire to enjoy the solitude of the grotto, near the lake where we first became acquainted with the lawyers; but the Rector singularly had felt the same desire a few hours before, and when Victor proceeded thither he was startled by finding his brother already an occupant of the cavern.

"Congratulate me, Edwin!" exclaimed Victor, after recovering from his surprise, and unable to repress the utterance of his joy at the timely discovery of his brother; "congratulate me."

"Congratulate me," replied Edwin, displaying a none-colored note.

"What is that?" inquired Victor, with a flaming countenance.

"Now for yourself," said Edwin, presenting the note.

Victor snatched the letter quickly, and in a voice half choked with eagerness, he read as follows:

"MR. EDWIN WALLENBERG:

"My objection to the subject of our last correspondence having been entirely dissolved, and Lovers' Leap no longer existing, you, that I will profit by your kind offer to allow me the privilege of making use of your library. MATILDA BENDELVIK."

Victor and Edwin exchanged glances of the most profound astonishment.

"What do you think now? Fortune has fallen upon me without my seeking it. You may consider her my wife, Victor; so give up your claims at once."

"Not so, not so; I am perfectly convinced that I shall be the fortunate man. That letter is only a little plot to call up a scene between us, to excite my jealousy, and arouse a little love quarrel. Oh, she is a romantic woman, but her romance must be only connection you will ever have with her, will be in the character of her brother-in-law."

"Vain fool!" exclaimed Edwin, angrily, "do you compare your prospects with mine."

"Poor Bookworm!" replied Victor, with a sneer; "I pity you from the bottom of my heart."

"Enough of this," said Edwin, recovering his good humor; "what business had she to entrust to you?"

"It was impossible for me to learn the nature of her business. Cannot you conceive that Sophia was deceived by her mistress? cannot you conceive that she used false pretences to reunite the broken chain of circumstances, which—"

"Poor fellow, cannot you conceive how strong and powerful is the influence of one soul over another. It is my intention—but silence—Hush—do you not hear a voice in the distance? She comes!"

"Ah, I hear her also. Oh, my charming mistress, I shall this evening once more listen to the melodious music of your voice!"

"Cease prattling. She is approaching."

In the meantime the boat rapidly conveyed the gentle passenger nearer to the grotto. Instinctively, without word or gesture, the two brothers sought the hiding place from whence they had once before beheld her.

Matilda's present appearance was totally unlike her former manifestation. Her brow was the abiding place of calm thoughts. She sang as the angels must have sung, when they visited this earth. Love, joy, and rapture were in her tones.

During her song, the young widow's eyes gleamed along the rocky shore. She started as every breath of air rustled the leaves of the trees near the water; but as she discovered no human being, she experienced a sense of security which plainly expressed itself in her beautiful countenance.

At length the boat disappeared behind the dark outline of a projecting rock, and the sound of the music gradually died away in the distance.

The brothers both started forth from their place of concealment at the same time.

"What was that?" they exclaimed simultaneously.

Their eyes glanced around on all sides in astonishment.

"Was it an echo?"

"Was it the notes of a shepherd's pipe?"

"Neither."

"It must have been the spirit of a departed husband answering the complaint of a beloved wife?"

"At least," said Victor, "the sound came from above. If it had not, we might believe that it was a water-witch sounding her silver harp."

"Wonderful!"

"Strange!"

The two brothers had heard a sound which appeared to be in answer to the widow's song. Of course they considered it a mere fancy. But the incident caused them much vexation, and put an end, for the time being at least, to their boasting.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SECOND RECEPTION.

We now find ourselves in a pavilion erected in the garden at Tistelvik.

Matilda—again clothed in deep mourning, again serious and melancholy—sat near the window awaiting the arrival of the other lover who was to visit her that morning.

She waited not long, for the Rector soon made his appearance.

It is possible that, through his determination to conquer her by the influence of one soul over another, his countenance expressed a certain degree of self-assurance and vanity, which displeased Matilda, for she received him with cold formality.

"You are surprised, undoubtedly, that I have taken this step"—commenced she in a manner so unconcerned and serious that the vanity of most men would have been at once dispelled.

But the Rector's vanity, when once awakened, could not so easily be dissipated.

"Oh, no," answered he, "I have long hoped that you would do so."

Matilda's mien became still colder.

"If I do not mistake myself, I am the last person to have any sympathetic connection with you, Mr. Wallenberg. Above all I wish to assure you, that the circumstance which compelled me to alter my mind in one particular, does not bind me to do so in another."

She was ungracious in the highest degree. At length Edwin arrived at the sage conclusion that women never desire men to meet their whims half way.

"It is very unfortunate, madame, that I have aroused your displeasure by my thoughtless answer, and I think it was wholly unnecessary for you to repeat that which you had already declared with such determination."

"Oh, yes, it was necessary, for I immediately perceived by the expression of your countenance that you had entirely misconstrued the purport of my note. I know that, according to custom, it would be improper for me to defend myself; but you must be aware that a widow has no other protector."

"Madame, allow me to use your own words. If I do not mistake myself, you are the last person to have any sympathetic connection with me."

"No, there you are mistaken, what would be in you an offence against good breeding, in me would be a duty—now do we understand each other?"

"Perfectly."

"Good—we will now speak on another subject."

"And that subject I suppose is literature?"

"We will speak of that hereafter. Tell me, how long has your brother been betrothed?"

"My brother? Betrothed?"

"Yes or no?"

"That is a question which I cannot easily answer."

"Why not?"

("What does all this mean?" said the Rector to himself. "Did he introduce himself here as betrothed?—that cannot harm me—or perhaps it is a mere whim of hers. At all events, it would be a pity to deprive her of such an innocent delusion.")

"My brother's secrets are not mine," said he, aloud. "Allow me, then, to consider the question as if not asked."

"That was a cunning reply," said he aside.)

"Ah, then it was a clandestine betrothal," said Matilda; "pardon my indiscretion."

"But who could have told you?"

"Himself."

"Himself?"

"Yes, and as he wears a betrothal ring, I suppose the matter is settled."

"Indeed! He wears a betrothal ring! I never saw it."

"Did you never see his betrothed?"

"No, never; at least not to my knowledge," replied the Rector, who was vainly thinking how he could use the strange news to his own advantage.

"You must certainly be acquainted with your Cousin Bertha, the sister of a young lady with whom, as your brother asserted, you are engaged to be married. She is, your brother informs me, a lady of great merit and virtue."

"Gracious powers! I now feel as I did one day last winter when I was standing on the ice. I could not move backwards or forwards without slipping."

"And what movement did you finally make?"

"I managed to gain a small rock, a neutral ground, where I found myself in the position of the traveller who found a diamond in the desert."

"And what is the application of your proverb?" inquired Matilda, with a smile.

"Either the rock or the diamond, as you please," replied the Rector, placing his hand upon a small table strewn with books and writing material. "Will you be sufficiently generous to allow me to seek this harbor?"

Matilda bowed pleasantly, and the conversation assuming a literary cast, the Rector displayed his knowledge and accomplishments to the greatest advantage, and regained thereby his usual calmness and dignity.

* * * * *

Our conversation has been both homeical and pleasant to me," said Matilda, arising.

"If you do not indeed your words as flattery," replied Edwin, "you can easily give me a proof of their truthfulness."

"I will do so with pleasure. Visit me the day after to-morrow. Three days in the week shall belong to you."

"And the other days belong to—?"

"Let us part without destroying our present favorable impression of each other."

Matilda waved her hand gracefully, and her guest felt obliged to put an end to his visit.

* * * * *

After this first period of their courtship, which was entirely out of order, followed another equally as irregular.

On Monday, Edwin paid his addresses to the widow; on Tuesday, Victor visited her for the same purpose, and thus on throughout the whole week.

But the more the brothers boasted to each other of their progress, the less became their hopes of ultimate success. Neither had as yet gained a decided advantage.

Their love was a prohibited subject, at least so far as the widow was personally concerned.

They spoke to her of the wonderful power of love, and quoted examples from various traditions. Edwin, with great trouble, searched the pages of history for examples, while Victor dwelt upon the heavenly delights of love, and quoted passages from new romances. But the widow became still colder, and her lovers, from time to time, experienced a desire to break the galling chains which bound them to her.

Once only a sigh, a glance, a smile, and they were again fettered.

In this manner two weeks passed over.

The time for the duration of the contract had nearly half expired.

"I really believe, Victor," said Edwin, one morning, while preparing for his journey to Tistelvik, "I really believe that your affairs with the widow is going wrong. You can easily see, that with all your legal abilities, your suit has not advanced a particle."

"With my *legal* abilities," replied Victor, with a haughty smile; "there, you are right. You have advanced that question from day to day ever since the beginning."

"This is merely a pretense to avoid the subject."

"Naturally. You supposed, undoubtedly, that I would advance a question on my part."

"Oh, no," replied the Rector, smiling, "you must know that you are betrothed."

It was the first time that Edwin had alluded to the subject.

"Ah, then you know the story?"

"She could not conceal it from me."

"Then you also know what fruits my betrothal has brought forth?"

"Ah, ha!"

The Rector was not perfectly acquainted with the true state of affairs; but he assumed an expression of shrewdness.

Victor burst forth in loud laughter:

"You are a penetrating fellow, dear brother," said he, continuing his merriment.

"Hush—I hear mother—I believe she intends to make us a morning call."

It was indeed worthy Madame Gertrude, who came to announce to her sons, the news that guests had arrived to cheer her in her solitude. But we will not inform our readers at present who the new comers were. The explanation will be found in the correspondence which we shall shortly submit.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER;
OR,
THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIRGINIA AND MARGARET," "HUSBAND," "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE DISCARDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXII.

SARA SOUCI'S LAST FUN.

A dream is on my soul.
I see a slumberer crowned with flowers and smiling,
As in delighted visions on the brink
Of a grand chasm.
Hemans.

When the sulky sleighing party reached Luckenough, they found Commodore Waugh not only up and waiting, but in the highest state of self-satisfaction, a blessing of which they received their full share of benefit, for the old man, in the overflowing of his joy, had ordered an oyster supper, which was now all ready to be served smoking hot to the chilled and hungry sleigh riders.

"I wonder what's out now?" said Jacqueline, as she threw off her wrappings, scattering them heedlessly on the chairs and floor of the hall. "Some awful calamity has overtaken some of Uncle Nick's enemies. Nothing on earth but *that* ever puts him into such a jolly humor. Now we'll see! I wonder if it is a crowner's 'quest' case? Wish it was Grim's."

Mrs. Henrietta blessed her stars for the good weather, without inquiring very closely where it came from, as she conducted Marian to a bed-room to lay off her bonnet and mantle.

It was only at the foot of his own table, after ladling out and serving around the stewed oysters "hot and hot," that the Commodore, rubbing his hands, and smiling until his great face was as grotesque as a nutcracker's, announced that Miss Nancy Skaup was turned out of office—yes, discovered, unscepted, dethroned, and that Harry Braxwell reigned in her stead! The news had come in that evening's mail! All present breathed more freely—all felt an inexpressible relief in knowing that the postoffice would henceforth be above suspicion, and their letters and papers safe from desecration. Only Marian said,

"What will become of the poor old creature?"

"By St. Judas Iscariot, that's *her* business."

"No, indeed, I think it is ours, some provision should be made for her, Commodore Waugh."

"I'll recommend her to the trustees of the almshouse, Miss Mayfield."

Marian thought it best not to pursue the subject then, but resolved to embrace the first favorable opportunity of appealing to the Commodore's smothered chivalry in behalf of a woman, old, poor, feeble and friendless.

During the supper Doctor Grimshaw sat up as *stiff* and solemn—Jacquelina said—as if he'd swallowed the poker and couldn't digest it. When they rose from the table, and were all leaving the dining-room, Doctor Grimshaw glided in a funereal manner to the side of the Commodore, and demanded a private interview with him.

"Not to-night, Nace! Not to-night! I know by your looks what it is; it is some new batch of Jacquelina's. But not to-night, as sleepy as a whole cargo of opium! I would not stop to talk now to Paul Jones, if he was to rise from the dead and visit me!"

And the professor had to be content with that, and immediately the family separated for the night. Marian, attended by the maid Maria, sought the chamber assigned to herself. When she had changed her tight-fitting day-dress for a wrapper, she dismissed the girl, locked the door behind her, and then drew her chair up before the little fire, and fell into deep thought. Many causes of anxiety pressed heavily upon her heart. *But Thurston had expected his hasty marriage with herself* she had every reason to believe. That the nominal marriage could be easily annulled by legislative action she certainly knew. *Did Thurston desire its dissolution?* Rumor gave him as an accepted suitor to the beautiful and accomplished heiress, Miss Le Roy. In honor? It was more than that, alas! Had not Marian herself seen him with Angelica, time after time, riding true servant at her side? Had she not seen him in Wonder Edwin paid his addresses to the widow; on Tuesday, Victor visited her for the same purpose, and thus on throughout the whole week.

But the more the brothers boasted to each other of their progress, the less became their hopes of ultimate success. Neither had as yet gained a decided advantage.

Their love was a prohibited subject, at least so far as the widow was personally concerned.

They spoke to her of the wonderful power of love, and quoted examples from various traditions. Edwin, with great trouble, searched the pages of history for examples, while Victor dwelt upon the heavenly delights of love, and quoted passages from new romances. But the widow became still colder, and her lovers, from time to time, experienced a desire to break the galling chains which bound them to her.

Once only a sigh, a glance, a smile, and they were again fettered.

In this manner two weeks passed over.

The time for the duration of the contract had nearly half expired.

"I really believe, Victor," said Edwin, one morning, while preparing for his journey to Tistelvik, "I really believe that your affairs with the widow is going wrong. You can easily see, that with all your legal abilities, your suit has not advanced a particle."

"With my *legal* abilities," replied Victor, with a haughty smile; "there, you are right. You have advanced that question from day to day ever since the beginning."

"This is merely a pretense to avoid the subject."

"Naturally. You supposed, undoubtedly, that I would advance a question on my part."

"Oh, no," replied the Rector, smiling, "you must know that you are betrothed."

It was the first time that Edwin had alluded to the subject.

"Ah, then you know the story?"

"She could not conceal it from me."

"Then you also know what fruits my betrothal has brought forth?"

"Ah, ha!"

The Rector was not perfectly acquainted with the true state of affairs; but he assumed an expression of shrewdness.

Victor burst forth in loud laughter:

"You are a penetrating fellow, dear brother," said he, continuing his merriment.

"Hush—I hear mother—I believe she intends to make us a morning call."

It was indeed worthy Madame Gertrude, who came to announce to her sons, the news that guests had arrived to cheer her in her solitude. But we will not inform our readers at present who the new comers were. The explanation will be found in the correspondence which we shall shortly submit.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

me in that hour what to say! I trust to be able to save both without blaming either."

"Do you suppose that hints, innuendos, vague warnings, would make any impression?"

"Coming from me they *would*."

"Heavens! What a self-worshipper! 'Coming from me they would!' The tone in which you spoke that! Now it betrayed that spirit of self-adulation which distinguishes you! Yes, *self-love* is your only affection!—self-worship your only religion!—self-adulation your only enthusiasm! Selfishness is your normal state. You do not desire to be loved—you need only to be praised. The love I offered you, you trampled under foot! You have no heart; you have only a brain—you cannot love—you can only think! Nor have you any need of love, but only of power. Applause is your native air, your vital breath! To know your name and praise on every tongue—that is your highest ambition. Such a woman should be a Georgon of ugliness, that men might not waste their hearts' wealth upon her!" said Thurston, bitterly, gazing with murky eyes, smouldering with suppressed passion, upon the beautiful girl before him.

This conversation had occurred upon the beach.

Marian was standing with her eyes fixed abstractedly upon a distant sail. Now the tears swelled under the large white eyelids and hung quivering on the level lashes, and her lip trembled and her voice faltered slightly as she answered,

"You see me through a false medium, dear Thurston."

"Why? because I do not join your adulators? Because I do not help to build up a pride already too towering?"

"The time will come, when you will know me as I am."

"I fancy the time has come! It has also come for me to enlighten you a little. And in the first place, fair queen of *masks*, if not of *hearts*, let me assure you that there is a limit even to your almost universal influence! and that limit may be found in a girl. You who know the power of *betrothal* only, cannot weigh nor measure the greater power of love. Upon Miss Le Roy your warnings would have no effect whatever. I tell you, that in the face of them—were I so disposed—I might lead that girl to the altar to-morrow! And how could you prevent it?"

Marian was silent, not deeming an answer called for.

"I ask you how you would prevent my espousing Miss Le Roy, if I pleased to do so?"

"I shall not be required to prevent such an act, Thurston, as such a one never can take place. You speak in mere wantonness, to try your Marian's faith or temper. Both are proof against jests, I hope. Hitherto you have trifled with that young lady's affections from mere thoughtlessness, and ennui, I do believe, but now that some of the evil consequences have been suggested to your mind, you will abandon the perilous pastime. You are going to France soon. That will be a convenient opportunity for breaking off the acquaintance."

"And breaking her heart! who knows? But suppose I should wickedly prefer to marry her, and take her with me?"

"Nay, of course I cannot for an instant suppose such a thing."

"But in spite of all your warnings were such an event about to take place?"

"In such a case, as a last resort, I should divulge our marriage."

"You would?"

"Assuredly—how can you doubt it for an instant? Such an event would abrogate my obligations to silence—such an event would impose upon me the opposite duty of speaking."

"I judged that you would reason so," he said, bitterly.

"But, dear Thurston, of what are you speaking? The event of your doing an unprincipled act. Impossible, dear Thurston! forever impossible!"

"And equally impossible, sweet saint, that you should divulge our marriage with any chance of proving it, now, fair Marian, that the minister who united us has sailed as missionary to Farther India. And that I only have the certificate of our marriage. You cannot prove it!"

"I shall not need to prove it, Thurston. Now that I have awakened your thought, you will not be so base as to take that coming girl. Come! take my hand and let us return. We must hasten too; there is rain in that cloud."

Thurston, pained that he could not trouble her more—for under that calm, unruffled face, he could not see the bleeding heart—arose sullenly, gave her his arm, and led her forth. And, as they went, the cloud arose, and the clouds drove and darkened, and lowered around them. Marian urged him to walk fast, because of the approaching storm, and the anxiety that the family at the cottage would feel on her account. They hurried onward, but, just as they reached the neighborhood of Old Fields, the terrible storm of wind and snow burst in fury upon the earth. It was as much as they could do to keep themselves upon their feet, or make any progress. Now they were staggering and plunging blindly through the storm—amid the rushing of the wind and the rattling of the hail, and the crashing and creaking of dry trees, and all the din of the tempest. Marian's ear caught the sound of a child's low wailing and sobbing. A pang sped through her heart; she listened again in breathless eagerness, and then she distinctly heard a child crying: "Marian! Marian! oh, where are you, Marian?"

It was Miriam's voice, it was Miriam wandering alone in the night and storm, in search of her beloved nurse. Marian dropped Thurston's arm, and plunged blindly forward through the storm in the direction of the voice, crying:

"Here I am my darling, my treasure, my angel; here I am."

"What brought my baby out in this bitter night?" she asked, as she found the child half perishing with wet and cold, and caught and clasped her to her bosom. "What brought my baby out this bitter night?"

"Oh! the hail and the snow came down so fast, and the wind rattled the doors so hard, and I couldn't stay in the warm bed while you were out in the storm. So, I stole out softly to find you. Don't go again, Marian! I love you—I love you so!"

At this moment the child caught sight of Thurston, standing with his face half muffled in his cloak—a figure to be strangely recognised under strange circumstances in after years. *Then* she did not know him, but inquired—

"Who is that, Marian?"

"A neighbor, dear, who came home with me. Good-night, sir."

And so dismissing Thurston, who bowed and walked away, she hurried with Miriam into the house.

Marian had confidently hoped that her explanation with Thurston would have resulted in good—but, alas! it seemed to have had little effect. His attentions to Miss Le Roy were still unremitted—the young lady's partiality was too evident to all—and people already reported them to be engaged.

And now, as Marian sat by her little wood fire in her chamber

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ARTHUR, CHAMBERS & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA.

THE ONEIDA SISTERS,
AND
THE SABOR'S WILL,
ARE
THE SISTERS OF THE SEA.

THE FALLS OF THE WAXHAW.
By a New Jersey Schoolmaster.

THE MINISTER'S CHOICE.
By Lucas Greenwood.

SIX WEEKS OF COURTSHIP.

ADVANCE IN PRICES.

A citizen of Albany who pays sixty cents a pound for butter, and who has always been in the habit of paying that price, was surprised, on Thursday morning, to find that the price had advanced to seventy cents. He was not to be deterred, however, by this sudden rise, and accordingly purchased a pound. Yesterday morning, on calling for another pound, he found that the price had risen to seventy-five cents. He was not to be deterred, however, by this sudden rise, and accordingly purchased a pound. This morning, on calling for another pound, he found that the price had risen to eighty cents. He was not to be deterred, however, by this sudden rise, and accordingly purchased a pound. He is now waiting for the price to rise to ninety cents, when he will purchase another pound. He says he is not to be deterred, however, by any sudden rise, and will continue to purchase a pound at a time, no matter what the price may be, until it reaches one dollar

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1852.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.
SECOND SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 9th, General Cass offered a resolution, inviting officers and soldiers of the Revolutionary War, now in attendance on the Convention of Old Soldiers, to assemble in this city, to occupy some upon the floor of the Senate.

Mr. Douglas presented a bill in favor of the construction of the Pacific Railroad and a collateral magnetic telegraph.

Read and referred.

Mr. Shields, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported back, with amendments, the bill *to fix the organization of the army, &c.* &c.; that it be printed and referred.

Mr. Bradbury presented the petition of the citizens of Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, praying for the extension of the Bounty Land law. Referred.

The Judiciary Reform Bill was then again taken up.

Mr. Bayard renewed his motion to amend, by striking out the first section.

Mr. Dawson.—Do I understand this to be a test question as to whether the Senate will agree to abrogate the judicial system of the Supreme Court Judges?

Mr. Bayard.—It is settled we all heads that something requires to be done. My judgment is in favor of the Supreme Court system, and, if practicable, to allow the Judges to hold the same circuits that all of the Senator from Illinois [Mr. Douglas] contemplates. It is the popular opinion of the subject that the Judges should, in some measure, be made the representatives of the feelings of the different sections. I hope some plan will be settled upon which the appointing responsible citizens of Cincinnati will be preserved.

Mr. Rusk.—The proposition to strike out the first section is to test the sense of the Senate, whether it is to be left with the Judges to change the circuits with the present members of the Supreme Judges. The nation of three Judges traveling long circuits, and entertaining with the people, as advocated by the Senator from Illinois [Mr. Douglas] is very beautiful theory, but entirely impracticable. The delay arising from the present system amounts to a denial of justice. I am opposed to the Supreme Judges should be relieved from circuit duty.

Mr. Butler.—The Judges are required to perform circuit duty, in connection with holding their circuits. Members may visit circuits the Judges consider popular notions of the independence. I much prefer that they should include four circuits. Gentlemen may judge, if they please, of natural theories, though in this respect I find their opinion in the Senate Chamber much modified from those entertained outside. It is necessary that the learning of the several appellate Court should have the whole attention of the Judges, and therefore they cannot be circuit duty.

Mr. Toucey.—The increase of Judicial duties caused by the expansion of the country, demands that we take measures to provide for their performance. The Judges must have the whole time to attend to the duties of their offices. The remarks of the Senator from Illinois call for no special reply.

French legislative body, and the bill authorizing the President to negotiate a new loan of

a slight depression of the and England.

From Madrid states that at the discussion which ensued on the sale of Cuba, the conclusion is given.

It that Mr. Soule requires ment to put in the hands between the United States, ognize the principle that to the Spanish ex- ed, on the ground that such principle would be rejected. The proposition was thereupon withdrawn.

Mr. Rusk.—No benefit will be derived by TEXAS from the present bills—she has no circuits. I am in favor of an amendment to the bill, so that the Judges shall be required to perform their circuit duty. I am in favor of the Supreme Court system, and shall vote to sustain it.

Mr. Bayard.—I am surprised at the remarks of the Senator from Texas, [Mr. Rusk.] I hope those will be restored to the present bills—she has no circuits. I am in favor of an amendment to the bill, so that the Judges shall be required to perform their circuit duty. I am in favor of the Supreme Court system, and shall vote to sustain it.

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Mr. Butler

Selected Poetry.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA.

[The London Times's correspondent of The Tribune, recently said that Tennyson could not write on the themes of the present war—but the following fine lyric, which we take from the London Examiner, is a refutation of that criticism.]

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred,
Forward, the Light Brigade!
Take the guns," Nolan said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
No man was there dismayed,
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare
Flashed all at once in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
With many a desperate stroke
The Russian line they broke;
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

A. T.

Selected Articles.

AHASUERUS,
THE SHOEMAKER OF JERUSALEM.

Every one has heard of the Wandering Jew, but the particulars of the legend may not be quite so well known. There are several versions of it. Matthew Paris, monk of St. Albans, reports one which was current in the East during the thirteenth century. It runs thus:—"This year (1229) an Armenian archbishop came to England, to visit the relics of saints and venerable places, even as he had done in other countries. He bore letters of recommendation from our lord the pope to the religious and prelates of this kingdom. Having repaired to St. Albans, to offer up prayers at the shrine of the English proto martyr, he was received with honor by the abbot and the convent. In the course of his sojourn here, he inquired particularly of his hosts concerning the rites and usages of England; and in return he related to them many traditions of his own country. He was questioned, among other things, about that famous Joseph who has caused so much talk among men—that Joseph who was present at the Passion of Christ, and who yet exists as a living witness of the Christian faith. He was asked if he had ever seen him, or heard anything of him. An officer of the archbishop's suite—his interpreter, a native of Antioch, who was known to Henry Spigurnel, one of the lord abbot's servants—replied in the French language, that his master knew this man perfectly, and that he had even entertained him at his own table a little time previous to his departure for the West. The Armenian's story as to what passed between Joseph and our Saviour is as follows:—When Jesus was borne along by the Jews from the prætorium to the place of crucifixion, Cartaphilus, one of Pontius Pilate's doorkeepers, pushed him sharply behind, saying in a contemptuous voice: "Walk faster, Jesus, why dost thou tarry?" Then answered the Christ with a severe and sorrowful look, "I will go, it is written, and I shall rest ere long, but thou shalt walk until my coming." At the time of the Passion, Cartaphilus was thirty years of age. Whenever he attains his fiftieth year, he falls into a kind of ecstasy, from which he awakens restored again to youth, with his memory reinvested with him to the year 1616, in Livonia, at Cracow, and at Moscow."

Such is the legend of "Der Ewige Jude"—*the Everlasting Jew*. Like the story of St. Veronica, it is supposed to have had its origin about the commencement of the fourth century—and it must have profoundly impressed the mind of the people, since it survived the times of Luther and Melanethon, and was even received as an article of belief by the dissenting communions. What, indeed, could affect the imagination more powerfully, than the thought of this lonely man, dowered with an immortality of woe, and condemned to wander from clime to clime through countless ages, seeking rest and finding none; and more stretched in the silence of his deep despair than all the thousands of his fellow-men who have lived since the world began, because

> The power is the dispenser the right to grieve!

He has passed, "like a shadow, from land to land," with the "pressure of God's infinite upon his finite soul." His memory stretches far back, "down the long generations," embracing everything of pathos and sublimity in the history of the crucified Christ, whom last

A SUSPICIOUS CIVILITY.

"Is this the way to town?"

"It is, yer onor; and if yer've no objection, I'll just jog a little way with ye!"

regrouchful look still haunts his agonized soul. None can ever share in his undying grief, and therefore he must always dwell in a deep solitude of heart and soul, which no human sympathies can soothe. The beautiful, the great, the wise, the good, pass over into the "silent land," but still the Everlasting Jew shall pursue his "pilgrimage of woe," until Time itself shall be no more, and of all earth's countless tribes he only shall be left, in solitary grandeur, to chaunt the deathsong of creation.

A fiction so sublime would naturally attract much attention and interest. At first, it passed merely from mouth to mouth; then it became incorporated in superstending ballads, and in simple village story-books, such as *L'Histoire véritable du Juif errant, qui depuis l'an 33 jusqu'à l'heure présente ne fait que marcher*; and, lastly, men of genius were fascinated by its mystic grace, and sought therein the subject of drama, and romance, and song. Goethe had the idea of founding an epic on this legend, and in the plan he has left of it in his Memoirs, he tells us that he intended to have depicted the "shoemaker of Jerusalem" with the careless *esprit* humor of old Hans Sachs. In so doing, he would certainly have been obliged to sacrifice much of the peculiar charm which attaches to the history of the Wandering Jew, as the prey of an eternal sorrow.

THE SLIGHTED SCHOLAR.

Cases like the one I am about to relate are much too frequent in our country, and they are such, too, as should be guarded against by all who have an interest in education. The incident was brought to mind by hearing a complaint made by the parent of a poor boy, who had been grossly neglected by the teacher of the village school, neglected because he was poor and comparatively friendless!

Many years ago, when I was a small boy, I attended school in the town of ——. Among the scholars there was a boy named George Henry. His father was a poor drinking man, and the unfortunate boy had to suffer in consequence. George came to school habited in ragged garments—but they were the best he had; he was too tough and too done with his masters, for he had been brought up in this manner; he was very ignorant, for he had never had an opportunity for education.

Season after season, poor George Henry occupied the same seat in the school-room—it was a back corner seat, away from the other scholars, and there he studied his tattered primer. The ragged condition of his garb gave a homely cast to his whole appearance, and what of intelligence there might have been in his countenance, was beclouded by the "outer covering" of the boy. He seldom played with the other children, for they seemed to shun him; but when he did, for a while, join with them in their sports, he was so rough that he was soon shoved off out of the way.

The teacher passed the poor boy coldly in the street, while other boys, in better garbs, were kindly noticed. In the school, young Henry was coldly treated. The teacher never addressed him but to find fault, and he awakened restored again to youth, with his memory reinvested with him to the year 1615, in Livonia, at Cracow, and at Moscow."

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the boy. "Nobody never cares for me, sir, for I am poor."

By degrees the kind-hearted teacher got the poor boy's whole history, and while generous tears bedewed his eyes, he said:

"You have been wrongly treated, George—very wrongly; but there is yet time for redemption. If I will try to teach you, will you try to learn?"

"Yes—oh, yes," quickly uttered the boy in earnest tones. "Yes—I should love to learn. I don't want to be a bad boy," he feelingly added, while his countenance glowed with unwonted animation.

Mr. Kelly promised to purchase books for the boy as fast as he could learn to read them, and when George Henry left the school-room his face was wet with tears. We scholars who had remained in the entry, saw him come out, and our hearts were warmed towards him. We spoke kindly to him, and walked with him to his home, and his heart was too full for utterance.

On the next day, George Henry commenced studying in good earnest, and the teacher helped him faithfully. Never did I see a change so radiant and sudden as that which took place in the habits of the poor boy.

As soon as the teacher treated him with kindness and respect, the scholars followed the example, and the result was, that the friendless unfortunate youth one of the most noble-hearted, generous, accommodating, and truthful playmates in the world.

Long years have passed since those school-boy days. George Henry has become a man of middle age, and the country there in which he had a man more beloved and respected than he is. And all is the result of one teacher having done his duty.

You who are school-teachers, remember the responsibility that devolves upon you. In this country of free schools, there should be neglected by the teacher of any scholar, little or big, for your care and counsel, and the more weak the child, the more earnest should be your endeavors to lift him up and aid him.

SONG.

A maid reclined beside a cot
All full of summer day,
And sang awake and kept a watch,
While others slept and play.
She marked the weaver's busy shuttle flying,
The dexterous shoemaker driving,
And heard, as children shouted down the way,
Poor lover's imploring song.
And then it stood, with trembling tongue,
That fearful maid of sixteen years—
Which is brightest day for little lovers—
Flowers and others?

II

The twilight past, the moon is out,
And, wearied, all are gone,
Each couple gossips homeward but herself,
As straight as wheat it sings,
Her voice is heard in every song,
But, mingling in their tones,
That sighs beside the river—
That heard beside the flowers—
Is one sweet tone to cause her cheeks to burn
Unseen and unknown.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

OLD AGE.

What a beautiful thing is old age which crowns a noble life, rich or poor. How fair are the latter days of many a woman—wife, mother, friend, and friends whom you and I have known! How proud were the last years of Washington; the old age of Franklin! How beautiful in the late autumn is Alexander Von Humboldt! The momentum of manliness bears on the venerable man in his four and eightieth year. Then you see the value of time. It takes as much to make a great old man as a great statue. No amount of genius that God ever gives man could enable one to achieve a fair old age. Time must be given to the kindness of many years, but then your labor is not lost. Your work is done, and well done. Birth is human blossom; youth, manhood, they are summer's growth; old age is ripeness. The hands let go the mortal hand, that is natural death. It is a dear, good God who orders all for the apple-tree and for mankind.—*Theodore Parker.*

A SCHOLEMAN, at a late fashionable assembly being asked which of the ladies of the company he thought the most beautiful, replied, "Why, madam, indeed they are all beautiful; but that lady," (pointing to Miss Brune, who was dressed in the extreme of fashion,) *est-adire* them all."

Country Scenes.

A SUSPICIOUS CIVILITY.

"Is this the way to town?"

"It is, yer onor; and if yer've no objection, I'll just jog a little way with ye!"

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES BY FANNY FERN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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HARD TIMES.

"Is my velvet jo-c-k-e-t ready to try on?" drawled a lady, dropping her elegant confomerre from one cheek to the other, as she sauntered into Mme. ——'s dress-making saloon.

"It is not," replied the young girl in waiting.

"*Very* extraordinary—very surprising—Madame promised it, without fail, this morning."

"Madame has been unexpectedly called out," replied the girl, coolly rehearsing the stereotyped fib.

"*Very* perplexing," muttered the lady—"very ridiculous—pray, when *will* she see me?" she asked—(unwilling to trust the draping of her aristocratic limbs to less practiced hands.)

"This afternoon at five," answered the girl, fibbing a second time, knowing very well that it was part of Madame's tactics to keep her saloon daily filled with just such anxious expectants, up to the last endurable point of procrastination. And there they sat, poor imbeciles! grouped about the room, puffing over the last fashion prints, overhauling gaily-colored paper dress patterns, discussing modes, robes, basques, and trimmings, with the most ludicrously grave earnestness, ordering ruinous quantities of point lace and velvet, with the most reckless abandon, and vying which should make themselves look most hideously Babylonish and rainbow-like; while their husbands and fathers, in another part of the city, were hurrying from banks to counting-houses, sweating and fretting over "protested notes," care, meanwhile, anticipating old Time in seaming their brows, and ploughing their cheeks with wrinkles.

In an unfashionable, obscure part of the city, in the basement of a small two-story house, sat a woman of twenty-seven years, the mother of *ten* children, who were swarming about her like a hive of bees—fat, clean, rosy, noisy, merry, and happy. They had little space for their gymnastics, it is true, the little room dignified as "the parlor," being only twelve feet square; back of this, was a dark bed-room, leading to a small kitchen, filled with the usual variety of culinary utensils. The pot of potatoes for their simple dinner, was boiling over the kitchen fire; the happy mother of this little family was putting the last touches to a silk dress for a lady in the neighborhood; and the baby was sleeping as sweetly, as though its brothers and sisters were not using their lungs and limbs, as God *intended* children's lungs and limbs should be used. On a small table in the corner lay a pile of medical books—for the father of these ten children was absent at a medical lecture, preparatory to a physician's practice.

"Poor George!" said the prolific young mother, with a laugh—"all those big books yet to be crammed into his curly head; never mind, I would rather do all my own work, take a dress making, and support the family two years longer, than that he should be disappointed in his favorite wish of becoming a doctor. There he comes!" said she, dropping her needle, as a dark-eyed, intelligent-looking, mercurial little fellow, bounced into the room—snatched the baby from the cradle—jumped pell-mell into the laughing group of little boys and girls, and kissed his wife's forehead, as he helped her to draw out the dinner table.

Ah, thought I, as I contrasted this with the scene at Madame B——'s saloon, better is a dinner of potatoes where *love* is, than a stalled ox and a protested note therewith!

FANNY FERN.

Miscellaneous.

THE STORY OF ERRICK RANDE.

As early as 868, Errick Rande, an Icelandic chief, fitted out an expedition of twenty-five galleys at Stadtell, and having manned them with sufficient crews of colonists, set forth from Iceland to what appeared a more congenial climate. They sailed upon the ocean fifteen days, and they saw no land. The next day brought with it a storm, and many a gallant vessel sunk in the deep. Mountains of ice covered the water as far as the eye could reach, but a few galleys escaped destruction. On the morning of the seventeenth day was clear and calm. The sun was seen in the east away to the northward could be seen the glare of ice-fields reflecting on the sky. The remains of the shattered fleet gathered together to pursue their voyage, but the galley of Errick Rande was not there. The crew of a galley which had been lost during the storm, reported that as the morning broke, the large fields of ice that had covered the ocean were driven by the current past them, and that they beheld the galley of Errick Rande borne by resistless force and the speed of the wind, before a tremendous field of ice—her crew had evidently conquered other hero—they were leaving their prey in wild agony. Scarcely a month had elapsed before it was walled in by a hundred ice hills, and the whole mass moved forward and was soon beyond the horizon. That the galley of the narrators escaped was wonderful; it remained, however, uncontradicted, and the vessel of Errick Rande was never heard of more. Half a century after that, a flourishing colony was established on the western coast of Greenland. The crew of the vessels which carried the colonists thither, in their excursions into the interior, crossed a range of hills that stretched to the northward; they had approached nearer to the pole than any preceding adventurers. Upon looking down from the summit of the hills, they beheld a vast and interminable field of ice, undulating in various places, and formed into a thousand grotesque shapes. They saw, not far from the shore, a figure in an ice vessel, with glittering icicles instead of masts rising from it. Curiosity prompted them to approach, when they beheld a dismal sight. Figures of men in every attitude of woe were upon the deck, but they were dry things; one figure alone stood erect, and with folded arms, leaning against the mast. A hatchet was procured, and the ice split away, and the figure was found to be of tall stature, and healthy, and free from decay. This was doubtless the vessel, and that figure the form of Errick Rande. Benumbed with cold, and in the agony of despair, his crew had fallen around him. The spray of the ocean and the rain had frozen as it lighted upon them, and covered each figure with an icy robe, which the short-lived glance of a Greenland sun had not time to remove. The Danes gazed upon the spectacle with trembling. They knew not but the same might be their fate. They knelt down upon the deck, and muttered a prayer in their native tongue for the souls of the frozen crew, then hurriedly left the place, for night was approaching.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE PRESIDENTS.—The Boston Transcript is great on statistics. Its last effort in this line is the compilation of the following coincidents noticeable in contemplating the names and lives of the first seven Presidents of the United States—Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, and Jackson. We quote some of the most striking of the list:

Four of the seven were from Virginia. Two of the same name were from Massachusetts, and the seventh from Tennessee. All but one were sixty-six years old on leaving office, having served two terms; and one of these, who served but one term, would have been sixty-six years of age at the end of another. Three of the seven died on the 4th day of July, and two of them on the same day and year. Two of them were on the subcommittee of three that drafted the Declaration of Independence, and these two died on the same day and year, and on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and just a half-century from the day when the Declaration—the names of three of the seven end in *son*, yet neither of those transmitted his name to a son. In respect to the names of all, it may be said in conclusion: The initials of two of the seven were the same—and the initials of still two others were the same. The remaining one, who stands alone in this particular, stands alone also in the admiration and love of his country, men and of the civilized world. Washington. Of the first five, only one had a son, and that son was also President.

HEAVY PREACHING.—*Lady.*—Mr. —— is to-day a wonderful preacher.

Husband.—My dear, Mr. —— is one of the most sound, orthodox preachers I know.

Lady.—He may be very orthodox, but he is very heavy.

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HOW MUCH TOBACCO IS USED.

The present annual production of tobacco is estimated to be 4,000,000,000 pounds—four billions of pounds! This is all smoked, chewed, or snuffed. Suppose it all made into cigars, one hundred to the pound, it would produce 400,000,000,000. Four hundred billions of cigars! These cigars at the usual length—four inches—if joined together, would form one continuous cigar 25,252,000 miles long, which would nearly encircle the earth more than one thousand times. Cut up into equal pieces, 240,000 miles in length, there would be over one thousand cigars which would extend from the centre of the earth to the centre of the moon.

Put these cigars into boxes 10 inches long, 6 inches wide, and 3 inches high—100 to the box—it would require 4,000,000,000 boxes. Pile up these boxes in a solid mass, and they would occupy a space of 294,444,444—two hundred and ninety-four million cubic feet! If piled up 20 feet high, they would cover a farm of 338 acres, and if laid side by side, the boxes would cover very nearly 20,000 acres. Let some boy who reads this, estimate how large a village or city would be required to furnish store houses for all these boxes.

If a person smoke a cigar every 20 minutes, and continue this night and day, it would require an army of 2,800 such smokers 6,000 years to consume the above; and if each person smoked only four cigars a day—a pretty fair allowance we should say—it would take 50,000 smokers 6,000 years—a larger term than the human race has existed—to smoke up all the tobacco now produced in a single year.

Allowing this tobacco unmanufactured to cost on the average ten cents a pound, and we have 400,000,000 of dollars expended every year in producing a noxious, deleterious weed. At least one and a half times as much more is required to manufacture it into marketable form and dispose of it to the consumer. At the very lowest estimate then, the human family expend every year one thousand millions of dollars in the gratification of an acquired habit—or one dollar for every man, woman, and child upon the earth!!

This sum would build two railroads around the earth at a cost of twenty thousand dollars per mile, or sixteen railroads from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It would build one hundred thousand churches costing $10,000 each; or half a million of school-houses, costing $2,000 each; or one million of dwellings, costing $1,000 each. It would employ one million of preachers, and one million of teachers, giving each a salary of $500. It would support three and one-third millions of young men at college, giving each $300 per annum for expenses. We leave others to fill out the picture. Is this annual outlay to increase or decrease in future? Reader, how much do you contribute to this fund?—*American Agriculturist.*

A RESOURCE FOR THE POOR.—We have lately been enlightened in regard to a point on which we doubt not most of our readers are as little informed as ourselves. The poor of this city are starving, because they do not know what resources are within their reach.

Until the French emigrants from St. Domingo sought refuge in this city, calves' heads were thrown away. Since that time they have borne a value in the market—they are bought up, and furnish several dishes which are in great estimation. A calf's head now brings half a dollar here, but in some parts of the country they are still thrown aside as offal. Not long ago, the heads of beeves slaughtered for the market were disposed of in the same manner. The Germans came among us, obtained them from the butchers, and made them into sausages, and now there is a regular market for the heads of all the beeves that are slaughtered. The heads of sheep and lambs, as well as the feet of these animals, are still thrown away in this city. We have the word of a butcher, that enough of them are daily cast aside as worthless, to feed all the poor of New York. Yet in England, one of the choicest dishes of animal food that can be set on the table is a lamb's head. Here, however, it is a butcher others a poor woman a sheep's head to take home with her, he does not feel certain that he has performed a deed of charity, for he is not sure that she knows what to do with it.

A friend of ours went the other day to the market, for the purpose of obtaining a sheep's head, in order to see how the butcher handled it. The butcher seemed surprised that a well-dressed man should ask for a sheep's head, but gave it to him notwithstanding. The head was chopped in two; the cook took out and threw away the brains, which was a piece of waste; for they might have been cooked in another manner, and put the two halves of the head in four quarts of water, in which they were slowly boiled for three hours. The bones were then taken out, being divested of the muscular and gelatinous parts, and a tablespoonful of rice put in, with one cent's worth of parsley and herbs cut fine, and a little pepper. The morning of the seventeenth day was clear and cloudless. The sun was calm, and away to the northward could be seen the glare of ice-fields reflecting on the sky. The remains of the shattered fleet gathered together to pursue their voyage, but the galley of Errick Rande was not there. The crew of a galley which had been lost during the storm, reported that as the morning broke, the large fields of ice that had covered the ocean were driven by the current past them, and that they beheld the galley of Errick Rande borne by resistless force and the speed of the wind, before a tremendous field of ice—her crew had evidently conquered other hero—they were leaving their prey in wild agony. Scarcely a month had elapsed before it was walled in by a hundred ice hills, and the whole mass moved forward and was soon beyond the horizon. That the galley of the narrators escaped was wonderful; it remained, however, uncontradicted, and the vessel of Errick Rande was never heard of more. Half a century after that, a flourishing colony was established on the western coast of Greenland. The crew of the vessels which carried the colonists thither, in their excursions into the interior, crossed a range of hills that stretched to the northward; they had approached nearer to the pole than any preceding adventurers. Upon looking down from the summit of the hills, they beheld a vast and interminable field of ice, undulating in various places, and formed into a thousand grotesque shapes. They saw, not far from the shore, a figure in an ice vessel, with glittering icicles instead of masts rising from it. Curiosity prompted them to approach, when they beheld a dismal sight. Figures of men in every attitude of woe were upon the deck, but they were dry things; one figure alone stood erect, and with folded arms, leaning against the mast. A hatchet was procured, and the ice split away, and the figure was found to be of tall stature, and healthy, and free from decay. This was doubtless the vessel, and that figure the form of Errick Rande. Benumbed with cold, and in the agony of despair, his crew had fallen around him. The spray of the ocean and the rain had frozen as it lighted upon them, and covered each figure with an icy robe, which the short-lived glance of a Greenland sun had not time to remove. The Danes gazed upon the spectacle with trembling. They knew not but the same might be their fate. They knelt down upon the deck, and muttered a prayer in their native tongue for the souls of the frozen crew, then hurriedly left the place, for night was approaching.

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For Housekeepers.

PRESERVING BUTTER.—The farmers of Aberdeen, Scotland, are said to practice the following method of curing their butter, which gives it a great superiority over that of their neighbors. To two pounds of the best common salt, one ounce of sugar, and one ounce of common saltpetre; take one ounce of this composition to one pound of butter, work it well into the mass, and close it up for use. The butter cured with this mixture appears of a marrowy consistency, and the color, and short-lived glance of a Greenland sun had not time to remove. The Danes gazed upon the spectacle with trembling. They knew not but the same might be their fate. They knelt down upon the deck, and muttered a prayer in their native tongue for the souls of the frozen crew, then hurriedly left the place, for night was approaching.

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JESUS AND THE DEAD DOG.—Jesus, says a very old Persian story, arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and His most His disciples forward to procure supper, while He, Himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place.

And He saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together looking at an object on the ground; and He drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a vile, a mere object, a more useless thing, never met the eyes of man.

And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence.

"Fough!" said one, stopping his nose; "it pollutes the air." "How long," said another, "shall this foul beast offend our sight?" "Look at his torn hide," said a third; "one could not even cut a shoe out of it." "And his ears," said a fourth, "all draggled and bleeding!" "No doubt," said a fifth, "he hath been hanged for thieving!"

And Jesus heard them, and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, He said, "Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth!"

Then the people turned toward Him with amazement, and said among themselves—"Who is this? this must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only He could find anything to pity and approve even in a dead dog;" and being ashamed, they bowed their heads before Him, and went each on his way.

Wit and Humor.

MUSIKLE EPPICK.

A concert was a-paring in auld-a Muscle Hall,
And I followed. A coarse crowd was there,
A listenin to a fuller as was a playing on a muscle
Which pleased 'em very much, I declare.
I lingered. It was Strakhorse. He went in on
Tragedie fruits generally, not to mention lemons.
Then come the Amerish ord her sister, and sang
"Vedrai Carino," or the Canine Vadder—a female
Dog as had lost her husband, and then a le-
Termiere, which was the best performance to
Look at the women in. The dresses of
The Aberdeen was a surprising site, in
Consequence of their dresses not comin up long
Enough on the shoulders. Oud Bail with
Better close on than he ever had before, came
Out and plode. He hear was rounded good,
And his accent was accurate. (That's French for "Do
It again," and he done it. Then the short-wooled
Decease on top sang again—and then a large collier
With Spencer cloth of it, a-hind the cupboard
And tried to break the steppies of the bottom
Of it with a fat—and then Old Bail
Came out and sang the Rose of Allandale—with-
Out the drawers, which was the end of the per-
Formance, and the surjoice retired wearing
To get their dollars back again.

—*Buffalo Republic.*

ASTRONOMICAL.—A California wag, "John Phœnix," is now recording lectures on Astronomy, in "The Pioneer," thus holds forth:—

"Sacred history informs us that a distinguished military man named Joshua once caused the sun to 'stand still;' how he did it, is not mentioned. There can, of course, be no doubt of the fact that he arrested its progress, and possibly caused it to 'stand *still*;' but translators are not always perfectly accurate, and we are inclined to the opinion that it might have wiggled a very little when Joshua was not looking directly at it. The statement, however, does not appear so very incredible when we reflect that sea-faring men are in the habit of *actually bringing the sun down* to the horizon every day at twelve o'clock meridian. This they effect by means of a tool made of brass, glass, and silver, called a sextant. The composition of the sun has long been a matter of dispute.

"By close and accurate observation with an excellent opera-glass, we have arrived at the conclusion that its entire surface is covered with water to a great depth; which water being decomposed by a process known at present only to the Creator of the Universe and Mr. Paine, of Worcester, Massachusetts, generates carburetted hydrogen gas, which, being inflamed, surrounds the entire body with an ocean of fire, from which we and the other planets receive our light and heat. The spots upon its surface are glimpses of water obtained through the fire; and we call the attention of our old friend and former school mate, Mr. Agassiz, to this fact; as by closely observing one of these spots with a strong refracting telescope, he may discover new species of fish, with little fishes inside of them. It is possible that the sun may burn out after a-while, which would leave this world in a state of darkness quite uncomfortable to contemplate; but even under these circumstances it is pleasant to reflect that courting and love-making would probably increase to an alarming extent, and that many persons would make large fortunes by the sudden rise in value of coal, wood, candles, and gas, which would go to illustrate the truth of the old proverb, 'It's an ill wind that blows no body good.'

"Upon the whole, the sun is a glorious creation; pleasing to gaze upon, (through smoked glass,) elevating to think upon, and exceedingly comfortable to every creature being on a cold day; it is the largest, the brightest, and may be considered by far the most magnificent object in the celestial sphere; though with all these excellencies, we cannot think that it is occasionally entirely eclipsed by the moon.

* * * * * * *

"To the inhabitants of Venus, the earth appears like a brilliant star, very much, in fact, as Venus appears to us, and, reasoning from this fact, we are led to the electioneering views of Mr. Pierce, the European war, or the split in the great Democratic party produced but very little excitement among them.

"To the inhabitants of Jupiter, our important globe appears like a small star of the fourth or fifth magnitude. We recollect some years ago, gazing with astonishment upon the inhabitants of a drop of water, developed by the solar microscope, and secretly wondering whether they were or not reasonable beings, with souls to be saved. It is not altogether a pleasant reflection that a highly scientific inhabitant of Jupiter, armed with a telescope of proportionate power, is probably gazing upon a similar speculation regarding our earth and its inhabitants. Gazing with curious eye, his attention is suddenly attracted by the movements of a grand celebration of Fourth-of-July in New York, or a mighty convention in Ball's Mouse. He hears the low of the ox—the exclamation, 'I declare, they've got three little creatures, and who does them wriggle?' To an inhabitant of the sun, however, he of Jupiter is probably quite as insignificant, and the sun man is possibly a mere atom in the opinion of a dweller in Sirius. A little reflection on these subjects leads to the opinion that the death of an individual man on this earth, though perhaps as important event as can occur to himself, is calculated to cause no great convulsion of nature, or disturb particularly the great aggregate of created beings."

CLEANNESS OF THE ENGLISH.—A Frenchman's View.—British phlegm has been the subject of many anecdotes. The Paris papers have one, which seems to be the worst of morbidity. An English lord (for, wherever an Englishman is mentioned across the channel, either in history of at the vaudeville, he is always *milord*,) was travelling with his servant on the railroad between London and Dover. The train unhappily but not unavoidably, ran off the track. The master was thrown into a ditch which bordered the road, while the valet fell under the cars. The master arose, and without too much trembling his head about his bruises, or being otherwise preoccupied either about others or himself, cried out—Conductor! where's my John?" "Alas! my lord, the unfortunate fellow is under the locomotive!" "Then," coolly thundered the grave islander, "he no good as to see in which part of him are my keys!"

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WIT.—A London correspondent writes:

"Is Mr. Herand known at all to you? He is the author of "The Descent into Hell."—*apropos* of which he was once annoying Douglas Jerrold with impertinent questions at an unwelcome time. Among others, he queried:

"By-the-bye, Mr. Jerrold, did you ever read the Ancient into Hell?"

"No, sir," replied the infuriated dramatist, "but I should like to see it."

"Douglas, dear," said his wife, appealing to him in a small, feminine dispute, "do you think I am generally bad tempered?"

"No, my dear," says he, "I think you are *particularly* so."

POLITENESS.—While the rain poured in torrents, the umbrella of a gentleman struck the the hat of another standing on the sidewalk, and knocked it into the gutter, where it filled with water. The person picked up his hat and coolly said ——

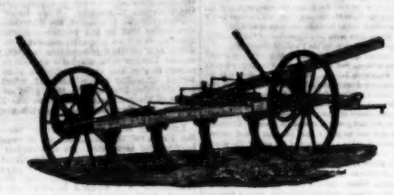
"What do you ask for that?"

"I ask your pardon," replied the gentleman which so well suited the owner of the wet beaver, that no further parley was necessary.

PUBLISHING.—Wiggins informed us that a person met a boy in the street and said to him, "You are my son but I am not your father." We had to have it explained—it was his mother. That is almost as bad as the late suit in the way of a conundrum.

"If a party were shipwrecked on a deserted island, what would they share with? Answer—Reasons!"

Agricultural.



PATENT GANG PLOUGH.

This is an improvement in Gang Ploughs, for which a patent was granted to Messrs. Killen & Baldwin. The ploughs are placed between two wheels in the manner shown in the illustration. This gives a very uniform depth to the furrow, even where the ground is quite uneven. The wheels can be raised or lowered, so that the shares will enter the ground to any required depth, and operate on almost any part of a farm. These ploughs require no holding by handles, the wheels keeping them steady on the roughest surface. The draft, also, almost all comes on the beam, and consequently there is very little strain on the pole, which prevents the galling of the team. It is said that a pair of horses can plough between five and six acres a day with this implement—in other words, that a single person can thus do about three times as much labor as can be done with a common plough. Farmers who have had these machines in use for the last two years, speak of them in the highest terms. They seem to be more adapted to the ploughing of friable land than to hard and compact soils. A meadow turned over in the fall with a common plough, might be very advantageously reploughed in the spring by the use of this gang. The price of this machine is $35 complete.

Mr. Joseph Williams, of West Henrietta, New York, Mr. David McVean, of Scotteville, Monroe county, and Mr. Henry Tarbox, are the owners of the patent for the State of New York, from whom any further information may be obtained.

DRYING POTATOES TO PREVENT THE ROT.

Thinking the following detail of a successful experiment to prevent the rot in the potato, may be useful to your readers, I have translated it from a Dutch journal, for your pages:

"Mr. Bolman, professor at an agricultural institution in Russia, asserts, in a very interesting treatise, that drying the swelling potatoes at a high temperature, is a sure remedy against the rot. He found it out in the following way. He perceived that, putting them in the ground, the eye and the skin were often damaged. He thought that drying them would prevent the damage. In 1860 he put a certain number in a hot room, and after three weeks, he found they were dry enough to be planted. They grew very well, and yielded as much as the surrounding fields, and there was no sickness among them. Professor B. thought it a casualty, nevertheless he dried his seedlings again in 1861, and again the yield was abundant and free from sickness, though on all the surrounding fields the potatoes were already diseased. In 1862 he determined to make a third experiment, and as his own seedlings were not sufficient, he had to buy others, which came evidently from a yield affected by sickness, so that some were quite rotten. After drying them about a month, he cut them in three or four pieces, according to their size, and dried the pieces again during a week. By chance they were dried on a kiln that he thought they would not give at all. Contrary to all expectation, they came up so well and grew so fast, that the new potatoes could be gathered three weeks earlier than in other years. Though there was sickness all around, there was not a sick haulm in his field, neither on the leaves or on the bulbs.

"These interesting facts, during three years consecutively, led to an investigation, if more such cases were known, and he found two of them. Mr. Lowerakes (government of Witebsk) sent his previous, gathering his potatoes, put one in his pocket, coming home he laid it on the stove, where it remained during the winter. In the spring he found the dried potato: he planted it without any idea that it would grow, but unexpectedly he got an abundant yield of healthy bulbs. Since that time he always dried his seedlings with good success.

"Mr. Waisseffsky (government of Mohilef,) keeps his potatoes where he smokes his hams. Once being short of seedlings, he took some of the smoked ones and found that in the yield there was less sickness than in that of his seedlings. Prof. B. is of opinion, that they were only dry enough, when planted."

The temperature fit for drying the potatoes is not given. In the first experiment, the hot room was at